# THE QUICKENING

BY

**FRANCIS LYNDE**



CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

It was well beyond the Woodlawn dinner-hour before he could muster up the courage to cross the lawns to Deer Trace. No word had passed between him and Ardea since the September afternoon when he had overtaken her at the church door—counting as nothing the effort she had make to speak to him on the night of vengeance.

She was sitting at the piano in the otherwise deserted music-room when he entered; and she broke a chord in the middle to give him both of her hands, and to say, with eyes shining, as if the rescue were a thing of yesterday:

"O Tom! I knew you had it in you! It was fine!"

"Hold on," he said, a bit unsteadily. "There must be no more misunderstandings. What happened that night three weeks ago, had to happen; and five minutes before it happened I was wondering if I could aim straight enough in the light from the slag-pot to hit him. And I fully meant to do it."

"I—I was afraid," she faltered. "I knew, you know—Japheth had told me, in—in justice to you. That was why I ran across the lawn and called to you."

"Looking it all over, I don't see that there is much to choose between me and the men I've been hunting down. They went after the things they needed, without much compunction for other people; and so did I. On the night of the—on the night when you called to me and I wouldn't answer, I was going down to rub it in; to tell them they were in the hole and that I had put them there. I met a man at the gate who told me what Japheth told you. It made a demon of me, Ardea. I took the man's gun and followed Vincent around the yard. I meant to kill him."

"The provocation was very great," she said, evenly. "Why didn't you do it, Tom?"

"Now you've cornered me: I don't know why I didn't. I had only to walk away and let him alone when the time came. The slag-spilling would have settled him. But I couldn't do it."

"Of course you couldn't," she agreed, convincingly. "God wouldn't let you."

"He lets other men commit murder; one a day, or such a matter."

"Not one of those who have named His name, Tom—as you have."

"Now that it's all over, the taste of it is like sawdust in the mouth; I'll admit that much. I'm free; 'free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave,' as David put it when he had sounded all the depths. Is that being sorry."

"No—I don't know," she confessed.

"You think I ought to go back to first principles: get down on my knees and agonize over it? Sometimes I wish I could be a boy long enough to do just that thing, Ardea. But I can't. The mill won't grind with the water that has passed."

"But the stream isn't dry," she asserted, taking up his figure. "What will you do now? That is the question: the only one that is ever worth asking."

"They took to the woods, the waste places, the deserts—those men of old who didn't understand. Some of them went blind and crazy and died there; and some of them had their eyes opened and came back to make the world a little better for their having lived in it. I'm minded to try it."

"You are going away?"

"Yes; out to the 'beyond' in Northern Arizona. There is a new iron field out there to be prospected, and Mr. Clarkson wants me to go and report on it. And that brings us back to business. May I talk business—old money business—to you for a minute or two?"

"If you like," she permitted. "Only I think the other kind of talk is more profitable."

"A curious thing has come to pass—quite a miraculous thing, in fact. Chiawassee will pay the better part of its debts and—and redeem its stock; or some of it, at least." He rose and stood beside her. "Isn't it a thousand pities that Colonel Duxbury couldn't have held on to his shares just a little longer?"

"Yes; he is an old man and a broken one, now." There was a sob in her voice, or he thought there was. But it was only the great heart of compassion that missed no object of pity.

"True; but the next best thing is to have the young woman who marries into the family bring it back with her, don't you think? Here is a check for what Mr. Farley's stock would have sold for before the troubles began. It's made payable to you because—well, for obvious reasons: as I have said, he lost out."

"You are still the headlong, impulsive boy, aren't you?" she said, not altogether approvingly. "You are paying this out of your own money."

"Well, what if I am?"

"If you are, it is either a just restitution, or it is not. In either case, I can not be your go-between."

"Now look here," he argued; "you've got to be sensible about this. There'll be four of you, and at least two incompetents; and you've got to have money to live on. I made Colonel Duxbury lose it, and——"

"Not another word, if you please. I can't do your errand in this, and I wouldn't if I could."

"You think I ought to be generous and give it to him, anyway, do you?"

"I don't presume to say," was the cool rejoinder. "When you have come fully to your right mind, you will know what to do, and how to go about it."

He crumpled the check, thrusting it into his pocket, and made two turns about the room before he said:

"I'll see them both hanged first!"

"Very well; that is your own affair." He fell to walking again, and for a full minute the silence was broken only by the murmur of men's voices in the library adjoining. The Major had company, it seemed.

"This is 'good-by,' Ardea; I'm going to-morrow. Can't we part friends?" he said, when the silence had begun to rankle unbearably.

"You've hurt me," she declared turning again to the window.

"You've hurt me, more than once," he retorted, raising his voice more than he meant to; and she faced about quickly, holding up a warning finger.

"Mr. Henniker and Mr. Young-Dickson are in the library with grandpa. They will hear you."

"I don't care. I came here to-night with a heart full of what few good things there are left in me, and you—you are so wrapped up in that beggar that I didn't kill——"

"Hush!" she commanded, imperatively. "Grandfather has not heard: he knows nothing, and he must nev——"

The murmur of voices in the adjoining room had suddenly become a storm, with the smooth tones of Mr. Henniker vainly trying to allay it. In the thick of it the door of communication flew open and a white-haired, fierce-moustached figure of wrath appeared on the threshold. For a moment Tom's boyish awe of the old autocrat of Deer Trace came uppermost and he was tempted to run away. But the wrath was not directed at him. Indeed, the Major seemed not to see him.

"What's all this I'm hearing now for the ve'y first time about these heah low-down, schemin' scoundrels that want to mix thei-uh white-niggeh blood with ouhs?" he roared at Ardea, quite beside himself with passion. "Wasn't it enough that they should use my name and rob my good friend Caleb? That snivelin' young houn'-dog must pay his cou't to you while——"

The Major's face had been growing redder, and he choked in sheer poverty of speech. Moreover, Tom had come between; had taken Ardea in his arms protectingly and was fronting the firebrand Dabney like a man.

"That's enough, Major," he said, defiantly. "You mustn't say things you'll be sorry for after you cool down a bit. Miss Ardea is like the king: she can do no wrong."

There was a gasping pause, the sound of a big man breathing hard, followed by the slamming of the door, and they were alone together again, Ardea crying softly, with her face hidden on the shoulder of shielding.

"Oh, isn't it terrible?" she sobbed; and Tom held her the closer.

"Never mind," he comforted. "You know he will be heartbroken when he comes to himself. You are his one ewe lamb, Ardea."

"I know," she faltered; "but O Tom! it was so unnecessary; so wretchedly unnecessary! It's—it's more than two whole months since—since Vincent Farley broke the engagement, and——"

He held her at arm's length to look at her, but she hid her face in her hands.

"Broke the engagement!" he exclaimed, almost roughly. "Why did he do that?"

She stood before him with her hands clasped and the clear-welled eyes meeting his bravely.

"Because I told him I told him I could not marry him without first telling him that I loved you, Tom; that I had been loving you always and in spite of everything," she said.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Tom, isn't this the same foot-log you made me walk that day when you were trying to convince me that you were the meanest boy that ever breathed?" asked Ardea, gathering her skirts preparatory to the stream crossing.

"It is. But you didn't walk it, as you may remember: you fell off. Wait a second and give me those azaleas. I'll go first and take your hand."

Tom Gordon, lately home from a full half-year spent in the unfettered solitudes of the Carriso iron fields, to be married first, and afterward to start up—with Caleb for superintendent—the idle Chiawassee plant as a test and experimental shop for American Aqueduct, was indemnifying himself for the long exile.

On this Saturday evening in the lovers' month of June he had walked Ardea around and about through the fragrant summer wood of the upper creek valley, retracing, in part, the footsteps of the boy whose fishing had been spoiled and the little girl who was to be bullied into submission; and so rambling they had come at length to the old moss-grown foot-log which had been a newly-felled tree in the former time. Tom went first across the rustic bridge, holding the hand of ecstatic thrillings, and pausing in mid-passage that he might have excuse for holding it the longer.

It was during the mid-passage pause, and while she was looking down on the swirling waters sometime of terrifying, that Miss Dabney said:

"How deep is it, Tom? Would I really have drowned if you and Hector had not pulled me out?"

"It's a thankless thing to spoil an idyl, but you could have waded out."

She made the adorable little grimace which was one of the survivals of the yesterdays, and suffered him to lead her across.

"And I have always believed that I owed my life to you—and Hector!" she said, reproachfully.

"You owe me much more than that," he affirmed broadly, when they had sat down to rest—they had often to do this, lest the way should prove shorter than the happy afternoon—on the end of the bridge log.

"Money?"—flippantly.

"No; love. If it hadn't been for me you might never have known what love is."

"It is a high gift," she said, soberly; "the highest of all for a woman. Once I thought I should live and die without knowing it, as many women do. I wish I might give you something as great."

"I am already overpaid," he asserted. "For a man there is nothing so great, no influence so nearly omnipotent, as the love of a good woman. It is the lever that moves the world—what little it does move—up the hill to the high places."

Silence while she gathered the sweet-smelling tangle in her lap into some more portable arrangement. And afterward, when they were drifting slowly homeward in the lengthening shadows, a small asking.

"Mr. Morelock is coming out to-morrow to hold service in St. John's, and I shall go to play for him. Will you go with me, Tom?"

He smiled out of the gold and sapphire depths of a lover's reverie.

"One week from the day after the day after to-morrow—and it will be the longest week-and-two-days of my life, dearest—your grandfather will take you to church, and I shall bring you away. Won't that be enough?"

She took him quite seriously.

"I shall never be a Felicita Young-Dickson, and drag you," she promised. "But, O Tom! I wish——"

"I know," he said, gently. "You are thinking of the days to come; when the paths may diverge—yours and mine—ever so little; when there may be children to choose between their mother's faith and their father's indifference. But I am not indifferent. So far from it, I am only anxious now to prove what I was once so bent on disproving."

"You yourself are the strongest proof," she interposed. "You will see it, some day."

"Shall I? I hope so; and that is an earnest hope. And really and truly, I think I have come up a bit—out of the wilderness, you know. I am willing to admit that this is the best of all possible worlds; and I want to do my part in making it a little better because I have lived in it. Also, I'd like to believe in something bigger and better than protoplasm."

Her smile was of the kind which stands half-way in the path to tears, but she spoke bravely to the doubt in his reply.

"You do believe, Tom, dear; you have never seen the moment when you did not. It was the doubt that was unreal. When the supreme test came, it was God's hand that restrained you; you know it now—you knew it at the time. And afterward it was His grace that enabled you to do what was just and right. Haven't you admitted all this to yourself?"

They had crossed the white pike to the manor-house gates and were turning aside from the driveway into the winding lawn path when he said:

"To myself, and to one other." Then, very softly: "I sat at my mother's knee last night, Ardea, and told her all there was to tell."

Ardea's eyes were shining. "What did she say, Tom, dear—or is it more than I should ask?"

"There is nothing you may not ask. She said—it wasn't altogether true, I'm afraid—but she put her arms around my neck and cried and said: 'For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.'"

She slipped her arm in his, and there was a little sob of pure joy at the catching of her breath. The moon was just rising above the Lebanon cliff-line, and the beauty of the glorious night-dawn possessed her utterly. Ah, it was a good world and a generous, bringing rich gifts to the steadfast! Instinctively she felt that Tom's little confession did not require an answer; that he was battling his way to the heights which must be taken alone.

So them came in the sacred hush of the young night to a great tulip-tree on the lawn, and where a curiously water-worn limestone boulder served as a rustic seat wide enough for two whose hearts are one they sat down together, still in the companionship that needs no speech. It was Tom who first broke the silence.

"I have been trying ever since that night last winter to feel my way out,' he said, slowly. "But what is to come of it? I can't go back to the boyhood yesterdays; in a way I have hopelessly outgrown them. Let us admit that religion has become real again; but, Ardea, girl, is isn't Uncle Silas' religion—or my mother's, or even yours. And I don't know any other."

"It is all right, dear; there is only the one religion in all Christendom—perhaps in all the world, or in God's part of it. The difference is in people."

"But this thing that has been slowly happening to me—this thing I am trying to call convincement: shall I wake up some day and find it gone, with all the old doubts in the saddle again?" he asked it almost wistfully.

"Who can tell?" she said, gently. But it will make no difference; the immutable fact will be there just the same, whether you are asleep or waking. We can't always stand on the Mount of Certainty, any of us; and to some, perhaps, it is never given. But when one saves his enemy's life and forgives and forgets—O Tom, dear, don't you understand?"

But now his eyes are love-blinded, and the white-gowned figure beside him fills all horizons.

"I can't see past you, Ardea. Nevertheless, I'm going to believe that I feel the good old pike solid underfoot * * * and they say that the House Beautiful is somewhere at the mountain end of it. If you will hold my hand, I believe I can make out to walk in it; blindfolded, if I have to—and without thinking too much of the yesterdays."

"Ah, the yesterdays!" she said, tenderly. "They are precious, too; for out of them, out of their hindrances no less than their helpings, comes to-day. Kiss me, twice, Tom; and then I must go in and read to Major Grandpa."

(The end.)

**Second Choice.**

The woman was lightly clad and evidently not too well off.

"Have you no heart?" she asked.

"None." The man's answer was gruff, almost harsh.

"None whatever?"

"Absolutely none."

"Then I guess you may give me a pound of lines."—Tit-Bits.

**"Them Artises!"**

Lady Artist—Do you belong to that ship over there?

Sailor—Yes, Miss.

Lady Artist—Then would you mind loosening all those ropes? They are much too tight, and besides, I can't draw straight lines.—Punch.

**No Trick at All.**

"You say he's trying to capitalize his sorrows. How can a man do that?"

"He is writing a novel based on his experience in the wheat pit."

## Value of Being Sociable

To simply live alone, with no provision for the gratification of the social instincts, is apt to prove too severe a strain upon the reserve forces of even the happiest marriage. There is some excuse outside the home wherein no thought is given to social pleasure, while the wife is apt to grow petty and personal, and so less attractive as she shuts herself away from intercourse with others, says Woman's Life. This dropping out is very easy, but even when prosperity comes, and large social functions are possible, it is too late to gain that most valuable possession, friendship, which is entirely independent of financial success. To have and to hold a place in the social life of the world is not only the right but the duty of the young wife who desires to have a home in its truest and best senses.



## Advertising Talks

### FAVORS CHURCH ADVERTISING

**Rev. James W. Kramer of Spokane Says Liberal Use of Printer's Ink Pays.**

"I have drawn people to hear my sermons by advertising. I have attracted them with moving pictures, hot suppers, pink teas and flowers and flags. If I have had any degree of success in Spokane it is because of the liberal use of printer's ink," said Rev. Dr. James W. Kramer, pastor of First Baptist church of Spokane, Wash. There is something worse than sensationalism. It is the inability of the church to produce life. The church that does not advertise is behind the times and is nursing empty pews, and he who rails against the minister for advertising is suffering for a congregation. I am not an advocate of ragtime methods or vulgar preaching, but I do plead for the church which is a humming plant of machinery, with live coals in the fire box, smoke curling from the stack and every belt, wheel and pulley going. I believe, too, that the people need instruction and that a minister of the Gospel, is first, last and all the time a teacher. There must be life.

**Power of Advertising.**

Mainly through the efficacy of a little advertisement in a Hartford newspaper two long separated brothers have been reunited after the lapse of sixty years. The principals in the reunion are Rev. Dr. Edgar F. Clark of Providence, R. I., formerly of Taunton, and Edwin Clark of Butte, Mont., who is now eighty-one years old. Early in this year the western miner retired from business and began to think of his old home and his family. Then he inserted the advertisement, which was seen by some of his former acquaintances and forwarded to the clergyman at his summer home at Martha's Vineyard.

**"The Message the Thing."**

"The telegram," says Advertising and Selling, "is a common, little crude, yellow and black affair, but with what avidity we reach for it! That is because we have learned to associate it with information of importance. All the costly deckle-edge stock and exquisite printing and embossing in many colors that money can buy could not add anything to the face value of the telegram. The message is the thing. If your advertising gets the reputation of having the real meat in it, people will reach for it and hang on to it."

**The Mystery in Advertising.**

It is commonly thought that advertising is a mysterious thing that makes some people rich and some poor, whereas, in my opinion, the term advertising was merely coined to conveniently differentiate the written from the spoken word.

It is, therefore, purely and simply salesmanship, and no man has yet risen to ask the why and wherefore of vending merchandise.—H. T. Morgan in Springfield (Ill.) News.

A $750 nugget of gold was found recently imbedded in the skull of an elephant.

### RULES FOR ADVERTISERS

The first rule for effective advertising is "Simplicity." Let there be simplicity in the way the text is written, the illustrations made; in the designing, in the color scheme. The only relative to "Simplicity" is "Vulgarity," and they're not on speaking terms. They are twin sisters, however, so that if you are not courting one you must be under the spell of the other.

The second rule is "Directness." Come right to the point. Make the statement decisive, positive—just as if you believed it yourself. It can be done without presumption. You do not have to apologize for merit in your goods, therefore your statement must be as convincing as your product is good.

The third rule is "Have Individuality." You can do this without offending simplicity and directness, and yet remain consistent to them. Don't blindly follow the leaders.

The fourth rule is "Be a Hardy Annual." Don't expect to keep your business running for ten years by advertising in one. You will have to keep it up and make it better each time. The methods of last year are out of date this year. The buying public is independent and not chained to you. It is your task to keep them interested and convinced that your goods are the goods.

You may talk to one man; your advertising talks to the world.—Mahin.

**Fair Advertising Paid.**

Col. I. M. Dunn, the secretary of the Danville, Ky., fair, is thoroughly convinced of the value of country newspaper advertising. He advertised the fair this year in no other way; cut all posters, bills and other ways which cost much but give little results and confined himself exclusively to the newspapers.

The result, Colonel Dunn says, is that the Danville fair made money this year, the first time in many years. He says he will use nothing but the country press in the future and advises others seeking profitable advertising to do likewise.

**State Only the Truth.**

There are some advertisers who speak so highly of their wares as to be almost certain to disappoint those who buy. It would be impossible to furnish goods that are equal to some descriptions we read.

**Accounted For.**

Bacon—This paper says that the German emperor has 75 titles."

Egbert—I always wondered what made the ends of his mustache turn up so.—Yonkers Statesman.

# HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

## Kansas Chickens Meet Motor Trains

TOPEKA, KAN.—In any one of 20 Kansas towns today one may see hundreds of chickens running and flying, with many squawks and cackles and calls, to meet incoming motor trains. At every station along the lines where motor cars are operated the chickens have learned to hike with all their might to the depot whenever they hear the sharp blast of the siren whistle of the motor cars.

Chickens usually run away from steam trains, but they run for the motor cars. The chickens are as regular about meeting these cars as the bus driver and the postmaster. Every old hen, pullet, rooster and cockerel not penned up answers the call of the motor car siren. This whistle sounds more like a fog-horn than a railway whistle, and can be heard long distances. When the siren sounds the chickens take the shortest cut to the station.

What's the reason? Grasshoppers, just, plain, old, ordinary, tobacco-chewing, green, red, yellow, streaked, striped and spotted grasshoppers. Bunches of 'em, fat and juicy from feeding in Kansas corn and wheat fields.

All the motor cars have pilots, fenders or cowcatchers of a big scoop-like pattern. They are made of heavy steel bars and covered with a wire screening. As the cars go hiking through the country these fenders gather up thousands of grasshoppers. Going the six or seven miles between stations a motor car will often gather a bushel of grasshoppers on the fender.

These are the big T-bone sort of grasshoppers that are found only in the fields. They are the porterhouse and sirloin cuts of the hopper family and they make a very delectable repast for the chickens. The chickens cannot catch very many of them in the fields and gardens, as the hoppers are quick and make long flights.

The grasshoppers are not any more plentiful this year than in former years, but the chickens never had a way of catching them as they have this year, this being the first season of the motor cars on most of the lines. The chickens of the small town, when the whistle sounds, make a quick dive for the depot, ready to pounce on the hundreds of stunned hoppers lying on the fender.

## Dancing Craze Has Grip on New York

NEW YORK.—It has become a sort of madness in New York, the desire to see dancing. Some 15 years ago a Spanish dancer like Carmencita might create something of a seven-days' wonder, besides having her name written down as an artist in the books which posterity is supposed to read. But nowadays dancing of all sorts is fairly worshiped.

Isadora Duncan brought the Greek dance, which later was kept alive by Maud Allen and other imitators of Miss Duncan. Ruth St. Denis introduced the Hindoo dance; Mistinguett and Max Dearly at the Moulin Rouge in Paris created the Apache dance, which has since been given in every possible form in America, ending with Polaire's vivid performance, and the Salome dance was a craze of itself for a summer.

For three seasons no vaudeville bill has been deemed complete unless some dancer appeared in the list of performers. More than generally that dancer's name, like that of Abou Ben Adam, has led all the rest. The masked dancers at the rival vaudeville theaters, are the latest examples of the music hall craze for dancing sensations. We had "story" dances, toe dances, clog dances, cake walks, cancans, everything, it seemed, that the mind of man has been able to invent or resuscitate.

It remained, however, for some enterprising manager to take advantage of the idea and give the public an entire evening of contrasted and almost unbroken dancing.

From the beginning to the end it is almost one unbroken dance. Between the dances and between the acts the audience has a chance to rest its eyes and prepare for a new round.

Now a glimpse at the popular supper places or the tea rooms at the big hotels would give a stranger from Oshkosh the idea that the hobble skirt was quite as much of a craze in its way just now as, well, let us say, the dance.

No play, therefore, which attempted to call itself apotheosis of the dance could be considered complete without an attempt to show how a woman would look dancing in a hobble skirt. The hobble skirt dance, to say the least, is amusing.

## 'Frisco Has Child Linguist Prodigy


SAN FRANCISCO.—Leland Stanford university is to acquire a child prodigy of whom quite as great things are expected as of Harvard's boy wonder, William James Sidis. In this case the prodigy is a girl, Winifred Sackville Stoner, better known to her familiars as Cherie. Her mother is a daughter of the late Lord Sackville West, ambassador from England in one of the Cleveland administrations, and her father is Col. J. B. Stoner of the Marine hospital service.

She is now aged eight years, and as a linguist is in a class by herself. Her knack for poetry enabled her to print a book of 52 pages called "Jingles" when she was five. At the age of four she was proficient enough in Esperanto to receive from the founder of that composite language a medal for proficiency. She had heard this tongue from infancy, as her mother is a recognized authority in it.

In addition she speaks and thinks in English, French, Spanish and Latin, and she can speak well enough for conversational purposes Japanese, Russian, German, Polish and Italian. While accumulating this varied vocabulary she has gone along at a precocious rate in other studies and has had her full share of outdoor romping. Dolls are still her companions when the weather keeps her in.

"Her advancement is simply due to the way she was educated," her mother said. "I began when she was three weeks of age by placing beautiful pictures on the walls of her nursery. From the first she was accustomed to the best literature. We did not recite silly nursery rhymes to her, but only the best. Instead of giving her the stories usually told to children I read to her from the Bible and from mythology. She had Latin from the cradle.

"At three months I read to Cherie from the Latin writers and recited for her from such poems as 'Crossing the Bar.' At eight months she began to talk. At the age of one year, she could scan from Virgil and she read before she was two. I was teaching her the language all the time.

"At three she could operate a typewriter. By its use she learned to spell and also to memorize what she was writing. It was by copying poems and articles on the machine that she learned much that she knows. When she was at this age Puck accepted and printed a little poem of hers. Afterward she became a regular contributor to St. Nicholas. She did not learn to write with the pen until she was four. We have always made play of her work. Games similar to authors were devised for history and mythology."

## Pythian's Twins Now Join the Order


INDIANAPOLIS.—Damon A. and Pythias A. Frederick, "the K. P. twins," have become members of the Knights of Pythias order. They were given the first degree by lodge No. 56 of this city as soon after their twenty-first birthday anniversary as possible and on that occasion each was presented with a watch fob, the latter decorated with the emblem of the order.

The Frederick boys are sons of Louis A. Frederick, who has been prominent in K. of P. affairs in this state for many years. Frederick was an enthusiastic member of Dioscuri lodge, No. 47, at Vincennes, before his marriage and even after his wedding was able to continue his boast that he "had never missed a meeting." It is said that the high rank of that lodge in the state was largely due to his work. He was chancellor commander of the lodge and was officiating at an important meeting when a courier called him from the meeting and announced that he was wanted at home—that the stork had left two sons at his house. Then, for the first time, Frederick asked to be excused from a lodge meeting.

Two hours later—the meeting held late—the chancellor commander returned to the hall and reported that the mother and boys were sleeping. A resolution prevailed that the lodge adopt the twins as honorary members and that the parents be requested to name them Damon A. and Pythias A. Frederick. Mrs. Frederick consented and the boys became known as the K. P. twins.

When the Frederick family removed to Indianapolis, Frederick retained his membership in the Vincennes lodge, but became a frequent visitor at Indianapolis lodges, and is one of the widest known lodgemen in the city. When his sons became of age they sought membership in No. 56. Their story was known to the members and they were welcome. Several Vincennes friends were present at the initiation.

**Few.**

Few men are happy as their neighbors think them, or as miserable as they believe themselves to be.—Washington Post.

**Easy to See.**

When a man says he is "looking around" and has not yet quite decided what he will engage in, we know what is on his mind: An automobile agency.